ELLEN OSBORN'S WISDOM

Her Chat About New Hats and Easter Bonnets.

FLIRTATIONS IN VACATIONS

They Are to Be Materially Aided by Soft Pink and White Ginghams in Tartan Patterns—House Gown Ideas for Lent—There's Fascination in Undulating Hair—Hard to Tell a Tea Robe from a Night Gown

THE pussy willows are out, and so it is proper to talk about cotton gowns. When I was a little girl in New England I used to wade through snowdrifts up to my knees to reach the "pusses," and yet after the first ones were pulled it was immediately spring.

It is right, then, that you should know that there are to be cambrics, light-colored ones, charmingly fresh, and simple. For girlish figures—young things in reality, and not by grace of caricature—are pale pink cottons, dotted with tiny black leaves, or light blue grounds flecked and spotted with white; or white lawns figured with rose or scarlet; or mauve and white stripes and checks in infinite variety.

The new ginghams are in tartan patterns. I think I can say zephyr, if I try hard, but I may slip back to the older name. Some of them are checked sentimentally in pink and white, as if they were meant to lie in hammocks and listen to poetry or declarations; others aim at the chic in well-defined red and green and black plaids, as for a season of tennis or golf, possibly. But the same girl will wear both sorts and adapt herself to both sets of situations.

There are spotted brocades and checked poplins, and red and white striped twills that are said to wash and to afford a most uncommon variety of stuffs from which to get up the vacation flirtation wardrobe.

Meantime tea gowns. In Lent women who have had tea enough and salted almonds enough to need the feminine equivalent of a Keeley cure go into retreats or sanitariums and lounge under glass in batiste or figured muslin with any amount of lace and ribbon business to make them look fragile and interesting.

A woman, not of this variety, got an interesting tea gown last week in an interesting fashion. She was looking at silk remnants thrown upon the 17 cents counter to get them out of the way. Among the soiled and tumbled bits she found a fresh new piece of twenty-five yards. It was China silk, worth 70 cents a yard, or thereabouts, but nobody who had happened into that shop had liked its color. So it was reduced and lay in disgrace among the bargains. It was of a pale heliotrope shade with a pinky tinge, and the woman bought it and sent for a clever dressmaker. The clever dressmaker said: "Where did you find such a rare and exquisite tone? It will be hard to match; it must have cost you a mint of money."

The woman smiled in her heart and said nothing. She let the clever dressmaker scour the town for appropriate ribbons and velvets and laces, and when the Napoleon robe was complete she put it on, turned up the lights, figured out the cost at $11.25, sank back into an easy chair and murmured with a sigh of content: "It is divine."

P. S.—This little episode is not to be construed as a defense of bargain-hunting.

Things are coming to such a pass that it is hard to tell a tea robe from a night gown. That is why the girl in the picture carries a candle. It is a mark of distinction. The fashionable night gown is of white wash silk of white lawn. The lawn is very much the better material. It has a full skirt, sometimes accordion plaited, and it is liker than not to have accordion plaited sleeves. Then it has a very deep lace collar frilled about the shoulders and a great bow of ribbon to tie at the throat and fall in long ends. A woman who has such a night gown must be in danger of somnambulism.

The fashionable hatter may be thought by some to be as mad this spring as the proverb would suggest. The millinery of the moment shows a weird combination of fur and flowers, feathers and lace, while diamonds glitter, "with unholy joy elate," amid blossoms of the most brilliant hues.

The toque is the prevailing model, and one of the newest I have seen is of pale pink straw, coarsely woven, with a brim of jet sequins, and with three roses forming a triangle on top, a black lace aigrette starting up behind. A wide, black lace [illegible] the brim is covered with petmas.

A black cavalier hat is trimmed with the deep pink queen roses, half opened, which promise to be the flower of the season.

The wide hats have high crowns and are capable of developing into monstrosities. Feathers, lace, ribbons, and paste ornaments bedeck them with lavish generosity.

A sailor hat of lettuce green straw has a crinkled brim and is trimmed with huge bunches of hydrangeas.

A coarse brick-red straw hat is lined with black chiffon and trimed with tulips.

Feathers, flowers, and bows are arranged in threes. A large black chip hat, for example, is trimmed with three bunches of pink and mauve morning glories.

To do justice to one's hair nowadays one must have it drawn back from the face, carelessly undulated, caught up at the sides with jeweled combs and rolled into a soft knot at the top of the head. To complete an evening costume shot ribbon may be drawn through the roll, knotted at the side, and finished off with loops and ends.

A dress without steels and without lining is of pale rose satin of princess cut, with bertha of duchess lace and lace headings to the sleeves. So loosely is this yoke cut that it is all a matter of adjusting the drawing string whether you wear it highnecked or decollete.

A little detail of construction, insignificant apparently; but can any genuine Parisian novelty be that?

To secure a even more exquisite fit of a tailor-made skirt, or indeed of any other, over the hips, the sartorial sages now employ a hip-seam, running from the point of the hip backward and forward, with a slight downward trend for a few inches—of course, usually just one breadth. In cutting this seam a slight convexity is allowed for, so that the breadth when prepared with this transverse seam would not lie flat upon a table, but "full up" in the middle of the cross seam.

Do you see how a very little fullness here would improve the set of the skirt and make its hang at the edge a matter of less uncertainty?

The newest collarettes are little frills of velvet in threes; say, of peluma and two greens to give an effect like flowers. The frills are gathered to the neck and over them falls a softening lace ruffle.

ELLEN OSBORN.

What to Do with Soiled Clothes.

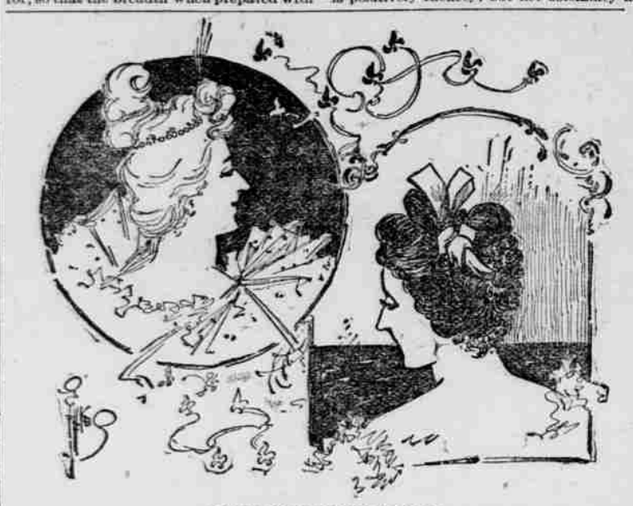
In a small room it is sometimes difficult to know how to dispose of soiled linen. An ingenious arrangement, which may be used where a basket or a swinging door bag is not desired, is secured with the aid of a cheap corner bracket. This should be enameled and fitted about three feet from the floor.

Next make a clothes bag, the bottom being stiffened out by means of a three-cornered piece of mill board. Into the upper hem pass a piece of stout wire, bending it so as to fit into the corner of the wall, in order to keep the bag open. Screw a hook under each corner of the bracket and sew a loop of tape at each corner of the bag to hang it by, allowing space between the top of the bag and the shelf to drop in the linen easily. The bag can thus be taken away to empty. On the shelf nail a curtain of muslin, cretonne or art serge, and on the top of it place some pieces of china or other ware.

That Other Man.

I held three aces—drew one more—
My joy you'll understand;
And then the man who had stayed in
Said he'd lay down his hand.

Judge.



EVENING COIFFURES.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Random Sketches of Her Freaks and Fancies.

Mrs. Jenness Miller wants to know why women become passe. A great many women have been asking the same thing with passion ever since the fall. Mrs. Miller points out that men are frequently as handsome at fifty as at twenty; they don't look young, perhaps, but they look vital and handsome. She thinks women might have equal success if their hygienic conditions were as good; if they were, in short, as good animals.

One of her friends says of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, the writer on art: "Marianna herself is not only witty and gay, she is positively rackety, but her solemnity as a writer verges on the awful. I once said to her: 'If you were to see a chip lying on the floor, and were to write about it, it would straightway become the most important, most dignified chip ever chipped, and its relations would widen and widen till they took in the universe.'"

In Philadelphia, her home, they call Agnes Repplier "Miss Reply-er," which is not bad, remembering the way she jumps into the arena against various solemn scribblers of the day.

You should keep your fine laces wrapped in blue paper if you don't want them to turn too yellow, yellower than is desirable.

Henry Harland, author of "As It Was Written" and other successful novels, is a Londoner these days, and Mrs. Harland is one of the most successful women in London literary circles. Her success is purely personal. She doesn't "do" anything. She is very pretty and gracious and popular, and much admired by young Beardsley, the creator of the last new kind of curious women in art, and a small London idol to-day. Mr. Harland points out his wife as not a "New Woman." "Look at her," he says, "probably she doesn't know the name of the president of France at this moment, but isn't she a success!"

It is becoming more and more the habit of epicurean households to serve the cheese with the salad. That it harmonizes better with our dinners when served at that point is the natural result of the place we give to sweets. The French, who put it just before the coffee, care little for anything in the line of dessert, and account the sweets a very unimportant detail of the dinner.

Felix, of Paris, makes nearly all Mrs. Langtry's underwear. She wears neither chemise nor underwest, but a little affair in silk that is something like both, and has the merit, like the possessions of the White Knight in Wonderland, of being her own invention. She wears the divided skirt—for a petticoat—as it is conceived by the French mind. A yoke is fitted smoothly over the hips, and to this is sewed the divided skirt, each half of which is four yards in width, but is brought into much smaller compass by almost infinitesimal accordion pleats. Over this, also sewed to the lower edge of the yoke, falls another skirt, again accordion pleated. The material of both these garments is a very light, firm silk.

How Did You Know?

That women run newspapers now
The public must confess,
But pshaw! we people knew somehow
They always loved the press.

Louisville Times.

AN AT HOME GOWN.

MARKETING IN JAMAICA

Mrs. Julian Hawthorne Writes of the Yam Markets.

AND FRUITS! SUCH FRUITS!

It Makes One's Mouth Water to Read o Mangoes, Genips, Cherimoyas, Pomegranates, Sweetsops, and Oranges—Gay Crowds of Buyers and Sellers Who Chatter, Laugh, Flirt, Push, and Gesticulate.

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KINGSTON, Jamaica, W. I., Feb. 25.—Every Saturday at nine in the morning two horses hitched to a covered buggy are brought to our door. Big baskets are crowded in behind and a small bag containing a handful of small (very small) change hangs at my belt. A large sum umbrella and a wrap are put in and off we go, followed by shouts from the children hanging over the verandah rail to remember the cakes, the candy, the slate pencils or the tennis shoes they have been wanting since last week.

For the first mile or more the road winds nealy on a level round the projecting spurs of the hills. Few houses appear; high upon the hillsides stands an occasional cabin with an almost perpendicular path, red amidst the dense green, mounting up to it. Beside each, by way of lightning rod towers a tall cocoa-palm planted for this purpose only, for the nuts do not mature at this height, over two thousand feet.

Ten minutes after starting we are whirling through the little village of Bamboo—two shops, a couple of cabins, a school house and chapel. The children are at school, and we hear the roar of voices chanting recitations and have a glimpse of rows of benches crowded with brown faces. At one place a large cattle pen occupies some thousands of acres far below and yet almost at our feet; the tall grass of the pastures looks like the finest cropped lawn, cattle are like mushrooms; the Great House stands on an island knoll commanding on one side the sea and monarch of all it surveys on the other. Cattle ranches pay in Jamaica; even the deaths due to occasional drought cost less than it would to make permanent ponds to obviate them.

Hereabout our road joins the main coast road, wide, smooth, and hard. And before long this brings us to Brownstown, lying in its little valley, the houses peeping and green are here; small but excellent pineapples, genips—small branches tipped with a round, green fruit, with a skin that cracks when you bite it and comes off, revealing a soft, orange-colored pulp clinging to a large stone, and tasting something like grapes. Otaheite apples, pear-shaped, bright yellow and red, with a clear, white pulp, crisp, sweet, and delicious; ackees, used as a vegetable, also bright red and yellow, opening on the tree to show the big, black seed within, which is poisonous. Salt fish and ackees are a favorite dish with the peasantry.

We examine critically the piles of yams, select the best, and say to the dealer, "Three shillings' worth—make them up." The phrase means that he is to make them up in shilling piles, four or five pieces, according to size, in a heap. This having been done we regard the heaps disapprovingly, pick out an inferior piece that he has slipped in and replace it by a better, shake our head and look discontented. He adds another piece, perhaps, and finally, after much hesitation, we take or reject the bargain, as the case may be. Everything is bought in this way, though yams are only sold by the shilling's worth. A quatty (a penny ha'-penny) is the usual price of a pile of mangoes, genips, or chochos; the price is constant, only the quantity varies. Another measure of price is the gill—three farthings, and you have to make your own additions. "That's a quatty and a gill, missy," and, there being no such coins, you pay two pence farthing. Six pence and a quatty is, of course, seven pence ha' penny, a "bit" is another imaginary coin, and represents four pence ha' penny; while a "tup" means not two pence, but two gills. No coin larger than a shilling is ever seen in market, and change is hard to find.

Honey is for sale in bottles; beeswax in flat round cakes, a pound in weight. Raw brown sugar is brought in tin oil cans, which are also in use all over the island for carrying water. Cacao, made up in sticks and called chocolate, sells at a quatty a stick; it is oily, and flavored with cinnamon. Cocoanut oil for cooking is sold in bottles. Green cocoanuts are always in market, and men and women are grouped around the vender, who, with his machete, strikes a slice off the top, leaving a hole to which the buyer's lips glue themselves. Hard cocoanuts, such as we are familiar with, in the States, are used only for grating and oilmaking.

But it is time to go home. The horses are watered, the horse-boy feed, our marketing woman gets her six pence, our purchases are loaded into the buggy, and we set off up the long hill in the brilliant sunshine. Looking back and down upon the market as we draw away, we see a seething, gay-colored mass of women, donkeys, vegetables, fruits, spread out in the sonshine and shadow; and the laughter, the buzz, and the shrill cries follow our ears in softened diapason as we surmount the rise and trundle eastward.

MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE BROWNSVILLE MARKET HOUSE.

NEW SPRING MODES.

BUYING YAMS.

THE FASCINATING PILLOW.

A Few Good Ideas About Harmonious Colors and a Story of a Wedding Gift.

There are continually new designs in pillows, and the white merino or cashmere, in which the empire wreath is worked in gay tones, is this season the new departure. It has a ruffle of pink satin, and on each end a voluminous bow, and is placed on a sofa with good effect. This winter the market overflows with materials for these tasteful objects. Bits of satin and silk can be purchased at low prices at all the emporiums where draperies are sold. Tones and tints of all colorings, and such a pile of "back resters" can be given to the sofa lounge that will be an ornament to any room, however poorly furnished. Not long ago, when a pretty society girl belonging to a club of twelve, contemplated matrimony the club held a meeting, in which they determined that twelve pillows of different tints, tones, and colors, should be the wedding gift. Each member did her very best in this direction, and on the day the event was to take place twelve large boxes arrived, tied with narrow white satin ribbon. In each box was a pillow—a beauty of itself. But on its broad cover was pinned a bouquet to match the covering of the same. A more beautiful, quaint, or charming wedding present was never seen or one more appreciated by a bride.

The Sleeve Still Large.

The sleeve continues to be immense, but in point of fact varies little from the leg-o'-mutton in its different developments or the balloon and the divided "melon shape. But little trimming is seen on the sleeve itself, the apparent reason being that the revers, or portions of the trimming attached to the yoke, give the effect required.

(1.) Mrs. Crane's little daughter. (2.) Mrs. Percival de Luce and son. (3.) Marjorie Gould. (4.) George Kirkland, jr. (5.) Van Biel Berg. (6.) Kate Upson Clarke's little son. (7.) Helen Vivian Gould.

GOTHAM'S SWELL INFANTS

Entered for Competition in a Prize Baby Show.

"FOUR HUNDRED" IN MINIATURE

The Exhibition Is to Take Place by Photograph Only, and the Goulds, Vanderbilts and Other Smart Infants Entered for Unique Prizes—All for Sweet Charity—Will the Cleveland Children Be There?

NEW York, March 16.—Gotham is to have a swell baby show. Not on the order of the time-honored exhibitions where the crying infants were arranged in lines, dressed in their best embroidered skirts and tucked waists, but a show of babies' photographs in which the little tots may be seen at their best, smiling, laughing, and crowing to their hearts content.

The exhibition will be held at the rooms of the New York Society of Amateur Photographers, April 4, 5, and 6.

The announcements and lists of the awards have been out for a week, and the photographs are beginning to pour into the rooms of Mrs. J. Wells Champney, who has offered to house them until the committee on hanging has been appointed.

The proceeds of the exhibition are for the Messiah Home, a "Children's Charity for Children." The home was founded by a group of little girls and has been largely aided by little ones from its start. This year the managers have conceived the idea of forming a league of junior patrons and patronesses, and to celebrate the inauguration of the league they have decided to hold a prize exhibition of photographs of children under five years of age.

Thirty-eight handsome medals have been struck off by a well-known silver house and will be awarded during the exhibition.

Members attending the exhibition will be requested to vote for the most popular baby, and the infant receiving the largest number of votes will secure the grand medal of the exposition.

The most perfect boy and girl baby will each receive a silver medal, which will be awarded by a committee of eminent physicians.

A committee of artists will be asked to decide upon the prettiest boy and girl baby, and to award them each a silver medal.

To the jolliest boy and girl baby will be given silver medals. These are to be awarded by a committee of well-known actors.

The two brightest children exhibited are to be picked out by a committee of prominent teachers, and will also receive medals.

The last and most important awards are to be made by a committee of grandmothers. This list has been headed by Mrs. James P. Kernochan, the president of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. Mrs. Kernochan is showing much interest in the baby show, as are others of the smartest matrons of the Four Hundred. She believes that tots should learn while still in the cradle that "the greatest of these is charity."

The object of the committee of grandmothers will be to pick out the dearest boy and girl babies in the exhibition. Seeing that the show is to be made up of "dearest" babies, this will be no easy task.

Many mammas cannot find in their albums any portrait which they feel will do their babies justice in the show, so they have engaged photographers to do their finest work on New York's infant aristocracy. Among the foremost of these is Mrs. Edwin Gould. She is having innumerable photographs made of her four-month-old baby. This little tot is being photographed in every position possible. To show his plump and pretty little form he has been snapped nude. In direct contrast, he has had his picture taken in the most gorgeous little white gowns.

His cousins, the children of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, are to be photographed purposely for the baby show. Helen Vivian, though just under three years of age, strongly resembles her grandfather, the late Jay Gould. She and her older sister have lately been taken together, at the request of their aunt, the Countess de Castellane. The brothers of these little girls have many portraits of themselves taken before the age of five, several of which are to appear in the exhibition.

The portraits of the sons of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt have been promised for the exhibition, and are to appear very handsomely framed.

One of the most beautiful picture-portraits sent in so far is of the daughter of Mrs. Meta Crane. This little girl is dressed in fancy costume and is seated on the staircase of an elegantly furnished house.

If there was to be a prize awarded for the sloutest baby, there is little doubt that it would be given to Master Archie Fiske. In his portrait, which is to appear in the coming exhibition, the little fellow is portrayed at the early age of three months. At this early period of his existence he weighed thirty-one and one-half pounds. He looks as if he stood a good chance for the prize awarded for the most perfect boy baby.

Some of the most artistic portraits are of the children of William M. Chase. The children have been posed by their father, and the photographs lack nothing but color to make them equal to a Chase painting.

Van Biel Berg, the son of Charles I. Berg, the architect, appears among the children in fancy costume.

Portraits of the Cleveland children have been sent for, and if the lady of the White House has a chance to have them photographed between now and the time of the opening of the exhibition, there is little doubt but that their pictures will adorn the wall space reserved for them.

One of the unique features of the exhibition will be a huge magic lantern show of babies' portraits. Members of the Society of Amateur Photographers are now hard at work making lantern slides of well-known babies of to-day.